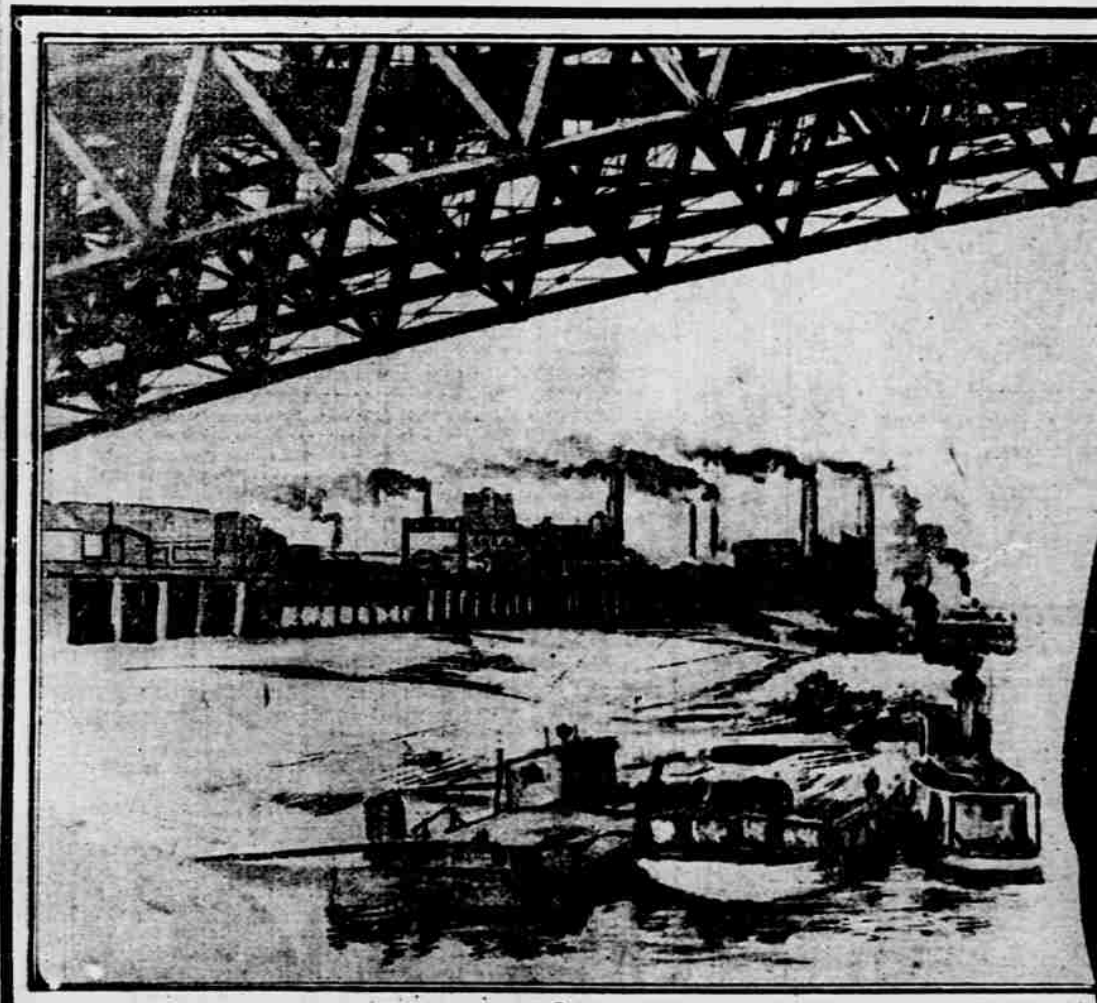


Patrolman James Dockery's Brave
Acts Make a Candidate for
Carnegie Medal.

THE LEVEE LIFE SAVER

Rescues Four Persons From Drown-
ing and Prevents Two Deaths
in Eighteen Months.PATROLMAN DOCKERY'S BEAT
Along the Levee, from Eads bridge to
Franklin avenue. In this district he has
saved several persons from drowning.SOME PERSONS RESCUED
BY PATROLMAN DOCKERY.

- Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Henderson
of Louisville.
- Mrs. Walter Able of No. 623 East
ton avenue.
- Herbert Reddish of No. 1214 North
Broadway.
- George Trudell of No. 1027 North
Broadway.
- Henry Miller of No. 245 Benton
street.
- Otto J. Kreeger of Kansas City.
- Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hendricks of
Broadway and Carr.
- Others whom he considers "not
worth mentioning" who, under the
influence of liquor or drugs, had
started into the water. All these
lives saved by him in less than
eighteen months.

Six persons already saved from drown-
ing by his prowess as a swimmer, a man
and wife halted at the brink of suicide
by his quickness, other prompt acts to his
credit which probably averted fatalities—
with this proud record, Patrolman James
F. Dockery, the handsome young Irish-
man who walks the Levee beat between
Washington avenue and Carr street, added
to his laurels last Wednesday by heroical-
ly rescuing Mrs. Walter Able from a self-
sought death in the waves.

And it is not the whole story.

This Levee district harbors a dangerous
floating population, that of the negro
roustabouts, among whom is many a
vicious thug.

His days and his nights have been wit-
ness to their cutting and shooting scrapes,
each with its attendant risks for him. He
has ever escaped unscathed and smiling.
Most of the negroes know and fear him.
Now, unless—which is not unlikely—one
should be crazed with "dope," he will not
tackle Dockery, he will say, "Yes, boss,"
and peacefully do the policeman's bidding.

To see Dockery idling along the city
"beach" swinging his club would suggest
that he is not a very strenuous exist-
ence. But sum up his exploits, and you
realize that he has enough excitement
per annum to satisfy any man.

Below Eads bridge the river traffic cen-
ters. Continuous hustle and many per-
sons are there in the day time. Above the
bridge the Levee is comparatively open.
Fewer persons are moving.

If some despondent one seeks the river
to end his or her troubles, the selection of
his comparatively deserted beat is very
likely. It is more efficacious to jump
from the bridge, though, that requires
nerve. It seems that these unfortunate
as a rule, prefer to slip into the cold cur-
rent and quietly sink beneath the muddy
waves rather than to plunge from a great
height. Dockery has known them to walk
in, hold out arms, if embracing the
water, and disappear.

DETERMINED ON SUICIDE.
The latter kind are often as determined
as others. Dockery tells of one whom he
rescued after swimming hard. She fought,
scratched and bit like a wild thing, try-
ing to push him away. When he had
seized her around the neck with one arm,
when his choking and the water had ren-
dered her limp and still, when finally he
had taken her to shore, and when, after
restorative work, she could speak, then
she said, oh, so pitifully:

"What did you do for me? Go away, go
away, go away! Why didn't you leave
me alone?"

That was pure tragedy. Other cases,
were it not for the dangers involved, ap-
proach pure comedy. One night in Jan-
uary, with the thermometer far below
freezing, Dockery found an old gentleman
placidly wading around in water almost
up to his hips. He proved to be a well-to-
do salesman for a New York house, who
had drunk too many toddies, and upon
whom liquor had the effect of eradicating
all consciousness of what he was doing.
Probably he had wandered down to the
river and had acted upon a boyish prompt-
ing to go in wading.

Dockery took him to the police station,
thawed him out and sent him to the hos-
pital. The old fellow woke up the next
day and was much astonished to hear of
his yacars. To this time he corresponds
with Dockery and cannot say too much in
the policeman's behalf.

To appreciate Dockery's deeds, it is
necessary first to understand something of
the kind of a man he is. Meet him on the
Levee and you see a big, burly chap, with
keen blue eyes, a laughing face and the
suggestion of muscle in his every move-
ment. He is in every particular the sort
who impresses one with an ability to
think and act quickly.

If you learn something about him you

will find that he was reared in the "Twen-
ty-second street crowd" of North St. Louis.
He is a product of Kerry Patch, that re-
viled section of the city which excels in
producing the extremes of citizenship—
good and bad. The average resident of
St. Louis will be surprised, no doubt, to
know that many leaders in every walk of
the city's life have come straight from
Kerry Patch. But it is true. It produces,
too, both our best and our worst police-
men.

SWAM AS A BOY.

Well, Dockery was a member of this
Twenty-second street crowd, which at the
time consisted in a set of youths who,
among their numerous forms of diversions,
swam anywhere and at any time that op-
portunity was offered. They swam in
quarry holes, and they swam in the river.
They would sneak down behind a lumber
pile, undress and risk their lives in the
stream's eddies. Then, if their watcher on
the bank cried, "Cheroo, de cop!" they
would all run, their clothes having been
bound into a bundle to meet exactly such
an emergency.

Dockery has become "de cop." Of course,
he now chases just the kind of boy he
was. But his early experiences of the
kind fitted him for acting as the city's
official life-saving department along that
stretch of Levee where experience has
shown that such a department is needed.
It was not that alone, however, which fit-
ted him. Very different, doubtless, from
a majority of the Twenty-second street
gang of his day, he never acquired the
drinking habit. Now he never drinks at
all. He always possesses a cool head, a
strong arm and the will to use them.

To tell of one of those exploits of
Dockery's of which much already has
been said from time to time:
At the foot of Lucas avenue lies the
city dump boat, a flat scow against which
the current pushes audibly. One hundred
feet further north is the United States
Government steamboat "Mississippi," at
wharf. The water is cold and swift. It
is about 6:30 p. m. of October 22, 1902.

WOMAN FALLS INTO RIVER.

A man and a woman, Mr. and Mrs.
Henderson, both employees of the boat,
are standing upon the hurricane deck,
talking. In absent-minded manner Mrs.
Henderson steps backward. She has gone
beyond the deck. She falls. For an in-
stant the husband stands aghast, not be-
ing able to swim. But, heroically, he
plunges after her.

He strikes out. Kicking and struggling,
he manages to reach his wife, to seize
her. Together, wildly fighting to keep
afloat and rapidly exhausting each other,
they are carried down stream.

His calls and her screams alarm two

workmen on the dump boat, who are near-
est. Their gesticulations communicate
what has happened to everyone within
the block. Dockery hears and runs full
speed to the dump boat.

One of the watchmen seizes a long pole
or gaff with steel prongs upon the end.
The man and wife drift toward the dump
boat. The watchman excitedly tries to
catch them with the gaff, but fails. They
disappear. "They've gone under the
boat," cries the watchman.

They do go under, but Henderson, tear-
ing at the slippery, water-logged bottom,
manages to come up at the outer side.
He drifts along, gripping his wife with
the one hand and trying to get a hold

with the other on the boat's side—an im-
possibility.

TO THE RESCUE.

Dockery sees his opportunity. "Down
to the other end of the boat," he cries.
He rushes there and the others follow.
"Here," he orders, "one of you each hold
me by the leg and I'll grab them as they
pass."

It is fully six feet from the dump boat's
deck to the water, and, suspended in this
manner, Dockery is just able to reach the
water.

The drowning pair are swirled along, al-
most spent. As they pass the woman's
arm is lifted up. Dockery seizes it.

"Save her, officer, and let me go!" cried
Henderson.

"You hold on and we'll get you both,"

said Dockery.
The policeman holds the woman's arm
and the man grips his wife's dress. The
situation is tense. A crowd has collected
above, and so many are trying to help
that they hamper rather than assist. They
yank at the policeman's legs so hard that
he fears they will pull them out at the
sockets. The weight of two people with
water-soaked clothes is tremendous.

He shouts for a rope. The crowd per-
ceives his idea. It scatters. A rope is
passed to him. With his free hand he
passes it under the woman's armpits. He

then grasps the man. The woman then
is pulled up by those above. Presently
the same process is gone through with
the man. And at last, Dockery himself
is lifted to the deck.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson lie side by side
unconscious. Restoratives relieve them,
however, and, so far as the policeman
knows, they are well and happy to-day.

SAVES MAN WITH GAFF.

Such are the situations which this police-
man has met so bravely. Presence of
mind and courage are the simple qualities
which have accomplished the deeds. Brav-
ery it certainly was, such as is seldom
seen; and, as Andrew Carnegie, in addi-
tion to donating libraries, seems to be giv-
ing medals for bravery, Dockery certainly
should have one.

On June 21, 1904, a very similar incident
occurred. Henry Miller, waiting for a
Wiggins Company ferry, had seated him-
self inside the office on the wharfbost.
He had dozed, and the ferry had come
and had just started away again when
he awoke. Half-conscious he hurried out
to get aboard and ran into the river.

He, too, went struggling down stream,
now up and now down. Again cries
spread the alarm, and again Dockery ran
to the dumpboat. This time, however,
the gaff sufficed. Its hooks cut a deep
gash in the man's legs, but he was pulled
safely ashore.

HIS MEDAL DEED.

Speaking of medals, Dockery has one,
given him by the Police Department for
the act of greatest bravery during last
year. The opportunity arose upon May
22, 1903.

Dennis Gorman was the driver of a city
dump wagon. His cart was empty, and
with two boys in it he drove into the
river at the foot of Franklin avenue, pur-
posing to wash the conveyance. The boys
were Herbert Reddish, 19 years old, and
George Trudell, 11.

The animal was a mule, and when Gor-
man, after cleaning the cart, undertook
to head the brute to shore, it obstinately
went the other way, and soon was swim-
ming direct toward East St. Louis. The
alarm was spread. Dockery came run-

ning, discarding his coat and belt as he
did so.

The policeman dove in and swam rapidly
out into the river, purposing to get on
the outside and head the mule in. At this
stage the driver deserted his wagon and
the boys and swam ashore. The Reddish
boy became frightened, and he also
jumped into the water. The lad could not
swim, and Dockery made for him, grabbed
him and started after the cart again. He
had almost reached the wagon when the
second boy, now terrified, jumped out di-
rectly upon him and his burden.

The three sank. Dockery shook loose
from their grip and rose alone to the sur-
face. Reddish was the first of the boys
to rise. At Dockery's order he seized the
policeman's suspender. Then, with arms
free, the officer swam after Trudell. He
reached him, and turned inshore with
both.

A wave from the wash of a steamboat
broke over them. It choked Reddish, who
became panic-stricken and grabbed Dock-
ery around the neck. Down they went
again. Dockery broke their hold a second
time. Raising, he saw Reddish's head bob
up. Making for him, he took him in far
enough to hand him a second man,
who had waded in up to the depth of his
neck. The policeman swam out once more
and, by diving, reached the Trudell lad,
who had gone down for the last time.
By hastily getting him to the bank, there
was still time to clear him of water and
restore him to breathing.

It was quick work and a close call, not
only for the boys, but for the policeman
also.

RESCUES FOUR PERSONS.

Mrs. Able had made three previous ef-
orts at self-destruction, and upon last
Wednesday she plunged into the river at
the foot of Franklin avenue. Dockery
saw her, and, swimming after her, he
reached her in time and carried her to
shore.

The case of Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks was
an attempted double suicide. The man had
planned to shoot his wife and then him-
self, and both were to fall into the river.
Though it was dark and they thought they
were unseen, their movements had been
watched and reported to the policeman.
He reached them when the pistol was at
the woman's temple. He struck the man,
knocked him senseless, and had both car-
ried to the hospital, where they were en-
couraged back into a happier frame of
mind.

Of this kind are some of the deeds, and
such are the surroundings of the police-
man on the Levee. It would be well to
think a complimentary thought for the
efficient and courageous among our blue-
coat soldiers, should you read this in your
plush-covered chair on Sunday morning.

INVENTOR OF PICTURE POSTALS.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.
London, Sept. 21.—The German press has
announced the death of one who claimed
to have first had the idea, in 1872, of re-
producing pictures and portraits on the
backs of postal cards. But France now
comes forward with a previous title, dat-
ing from the year 1870. A small book-
seller of the town of Sille-le-Guillaume, in
the Sarthe Department, lithographed on
the back of a number of postal cards a
design, which found a ready sale among
the Mobile Guards of the camp at Conlie.
Several of these cards still exist.

SAVES MAN WITH GAFF.

Such are the situations which this police-
man has met so bravely. Presence of
mind and courage are the simple qualities
which have accomplished the deeds. Brav-
ery it certainly was, such as is seldom
seen; and, as Andrew Carnegie, in addi-
tion to donating libraries, seems to be giv-
ing medals for bravery, Dockery certainly
should have one.

On June 21, 1904, a very similar incident
occurred. Henry Miller, waiting for a
Wiggins Company ferry, had seated him-
self inside the office on the wharfbost.
He had dozed, and the ferry had come
and had just started away again when
he awoke. Half-conscious he hurried out
to get aboard and ran into the river.

He, too, went struggling down stream,
now up and now down. Again cries
spread the alarm, and again Dockery ran
to the dumpboat. This time, however,
the gaff sufficed. Its hooks cut a deep
gash in the man's legs, but he was pulled
safely ashore.

HIS MEDAL DEED.

Speaking of medals, Dockery has one,
given him by the Police Department for
the act of greatest bravery during last
year. The opportunity arose upon May
22, 1903.

Dennis Gorman was the driver of a city
dump wagon. His cart was empty, and
with two boys in it he drove into the
river at the foot of Franklin avenue, pur-
posing to wash the conveyance. The boys
were Herbert Reddish, 19 years old, and
George Trudell, 11.

The animal was a mule, and when Gor-
man, after cleaning the cart, undertook
to head the brute to shore, it obstinately
went the other way, and soon was swim-
ming direct toward East St. Louis. The
alarm was spread. Dockery came run-

ning, discarding his coat and belt as he
did so.

The policeman dove in and swam rapidly
out into the river, purposing to get on
the outside and head the mule in. At this
stage the driver deserted his wagon and
the boys and swam ashore. The Reddish
boy became frightened, and he also
jumped into the water. The lad could not
swim, and Dockery made for him, grabbed
him and started after the cart again. He
had almost reached the wagon when the
second boy, now terrified, jumped out di-
rectly upon him and his burden.

The three sank. Dockery shook loose
from their grip and rose alone to the sur-
face. Reddish was the first of the boys
to rise. At Dockery's order he seized the
policeman's suspender. Then, with arms
free, the officer swam after Trudell. He
reached him, and turned inshore with
both.

A wave from the wash of a steamboat
broke over them. It choked Reddish, who
became panic-stricken and grabbed Dock-
ery around the neck. Down they went
again. Dockery broke their hold a second
time. Raising, he saw Reddish's head bob
up. Making for him, he took him in far
enough to hand him a second man,
who had waded in up to the depth of his
neck. The policeman swam out once more
and, by diving, reached the Trudell lad,
who had gone down for the last time.
By hastily getting him to the bank, there
was still time to clear him of water and
restore him to breathing.

It was quick work and a close call, not
only for the boys, but for the policeman
also.